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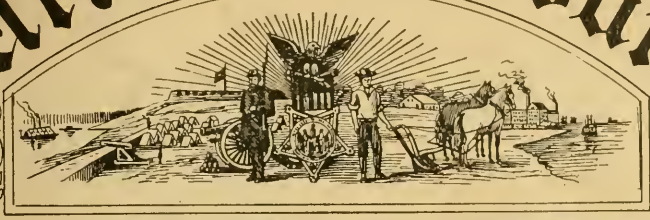

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Memorial Day Poetry and Oratory.

COMPILED BY H. E. WEAVER.

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Memorial Day Poetry and Oratory.

COMPILED BY H. E. WEAVER.

The First Memorial Day Order.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, 446 Fourteenth street.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 5, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS } No. 11.

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic head, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of Springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledge to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of— JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.
N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant-General.

Official:
WM. T. COLLINS, A. A. G.

Poem Read at Arlington on First Memorial Day—May 30, 1868.

Peace, peace on earth! No battle-flags are flown,
No war-clouds rise and frown along the sky;
No trumpet for the deadly charge is blown,
No lightning-glare of red artillery.

Light, from the high empyrean glancing down,
No longer falls on heaps of mangled dead:
Reveals no more the close-beleaguered town,
Or path of fire, whereon the foe hath fled.

We hear no more from battle-plain arise
The ringing shout of frantic, grappling hosts,
Or those wild, piercing, anguish-laden cries,
That haunt the memory like immortal ghosts.

How changed the scene, since those we mourn to-day
Heard Savery's challenge, at their peaceful toil;
Met the defiant foe in battle-fray;
Moistened, from pulsing veins, the parching soil.

Then rose the Nation's pibroch loud and shrill,
Then flashed the burning cross o'er northern plains;

On mountain-steeps, by hamlet, vale, and rill,
True manhood roused to break the bondman's chains.

These forms, then animate with earnest life,
In shop and field the slogan message caught,
Pressed to their bosoms, mother, sister, wife,
And the dark field of strife and carnage sought.

And shall we sing how first the hands unused
To martial weapons, at Manassas failed;
How Tyranny our name and fame abused,
Our manly courage and our cause assailed;

Recite the tale of Ball's ensanguined hight,
Of Bethel's slaughter and Vienna's gore;
How, dying, gifted Baker, Winthrop, fight;
How gallant Lander's wounds shall heal no more;

Repeat the tale of Chickahominy,
Of Fredericksburg, and Chancellor's barren sand,
Where rebel legions pressed to victory,
And drew a curtain gloom o'er all the land;

Tell how at Wilson's noble Lyon died,
And how at Lexington the wrong bore sway;
How once again Manassas' field was tried
And doubly lost upon that fatal day?

From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
By failures oft life's lessons are attained;
Preludes, are stammering words, to wisdom sage;
By stumbling steps pedestrian skill is gained.

Thus our brave comrades learned the art of war
At Chickamauga, Belmont, Perrysville;
'Twas wisdom bought with many a costly scar,
Lessons no early victory could instil.

At last by patient toil came strength of limb,
Came skill of eye and hand in martial art;
They felt the muscles of the Anakim,
The throbbing pulses of a Titan's heart.

These fleshless hands, now motionless and cold,
By due experience taught, were raised in might;
These eyes, now changed to pale terestrial mould,
Along the carbine gained unerring sight.

Enough; 'tis done! Hark to the cannon's roar
Upon Antietam's blood encircled field;
See! Gettysburg is drenched in rebel gore;
At Donelson the boastful traitors yield.

The Shenandoah's vale is darkly red—
'Tis rebel blood, transformed to ebon hue;
Vicksburg is ours; and see how proudly tread
Our marching legions, broad savannas through.

Yet from the hurricane our arms recoiled
At Shiloh's church and Murfreesboro's plain,
But battling still our steadfast heroes toiled,
Till on yon banner Victory smiled again.

Nay, weep not, mother, for thy gallant son
Who, fighting, fell in that umbrageous wood;
He gave his life for man—'twas nobly done—
And here he sleeps among the brave and good.

See Richmond, traitorous, fire-begirdled town;
See Mountain Lookout, Missionary Hights;
Above the clouds the brazen cannon frown;
Above the clouds each stalwart hero fights.

From Chattanooga to Atlantic's coast,
From the sea northward to Virginia's line,
I see the track of Freedom's conquering host,
To justice, friends—to wrong, a scourge divine.

At Appomattox, Lee surrenders all,
At Durham, Johnston bends the suppliant knee.
Send the glad shout o'er earth's revolving ball;
Slavery is crushed! Our noble land is free!

Yet pause; the triumph has been bought with blood;
Great was the purchase, great the price we paid;
A million forms are crumbling 'neath the sod,
A score of thousands are around us laid.

Pause, and remove the sandals from thy feet,
Press not, with rash intrusion, holy ground;
This forest is the hero's calm retreat,
The camp, angelic guards encircle round.

Yet tell me not the gallant youth are dead;
These are but forms that moulder and decay;
The man shall live, who e'er for manhood bled,
Through time's vast aions, heaven's eternal day.

He lives in memory of the good and wise,
He lives in grateful histrionic lore,
He lives in gorgeous realms beyond the skies,
He lives in fervid song forevermore.

All art at portraiture divine has failed,
In sculpture, pyramid, and fashioned clay;
Osiris, sun-crowned, Isis, darkly vailed,
Or Memnon musical at rising day.

Yet rest these comrades with the God that loves,
In all the race one intervital life,
By which creation ever onward moves
To brighter scenes through elemental strife.

There is no life ideal that can cast
Its phantom shade beyond the mystic tomb,
But one eternal landscape of the past,
One present Eden, of immortal bloom.

And tell me not these unnamed are unknown,*
These thousands in the consecrated tomb—
No missing roll or monumental stone
Can shroud a hero in historic gloom.

In all these interblended heaps of bones
There's not a nerve to feel, a heart to love;
No passion's flame, no music's silvery tones;
Sense, life, and feeling, all have passed above.

They have passed onward through the rift of light
That parts the clouds above primordial strife;
They march with God in uniforms of white,
And drink the true nepenthe-draught of life.

Martyrs for Truth, for Liberty, and Right!
To you shall rise the Nation's high acclaim;
You are not lost in dim historic night—
These graves are subterranean paths to fame.

This emerald verdure on earth's mother-breast,
These oaks umbrageous, and this moist'ning dew,
This orchestra of birds, this holy rest,
Are nature's smiles upon the brave and true.

Green be the hillocks o'er this hallowed clay:
Sweet be the garlands loving hands shall bring;
Just be the tribute eloquence shall pay;
Tender the song the minstrel harp shall sing.

Long may these lyric trees, with waving bonghs,
Shadow the fragrant flower-encrusted sod;
Long may the rosy dawn these songsters rouse
In hymns harmonic to the heroes' God.

From death's broad stream I hear these comrades hail;
I see them beckon to the farther shore;
I hear the rustle of the snowy sail,
The soft baptismal of the phantom oar.

Let vernal year her azure violets bring,
To deck the sod that folds this sacred clay;
Let forest choirs their sweetest carols sing
At morning reveille and closing day.

Let Summer send her golden sunbeams down,
In graceful salutations for the dead,
And Autumn's moving host of leaflets brown
Break ranks above the fallen soldier's head.

In Winter's storms, let all the sentry stars
That on yon battlements their vigils keep,
Smile on these wasting forms, these holy scars,
And guard the field where worth and valor sleep.

And we, survivors of the fearful strife,
While gathered here around this hallowed clay,
Let us anew pledge fortune, honor, life,
That from our flag no star shall pass away.

We reverently swear by all we love,
By all we are, and all we hope to be,
Yon starry flag man's steadfast friend shall prove,
And wave forever o'er the brave and free.

---

*One tomb at Arlington contains the remains of 2,111 unknown soldiers.

The Homage We Owe the Fallen.

No eloquence can be as commanding as the eloquence of these graves; no flowers of rhetoric as appropriate as these flowers of Spring with which we honor the remains of the patriot dead.

They rose from the sphere of the citizen to the plane of the patriot. They learned what war meant, by meeting it with the courage of the warrior. War is the sundering of the dearest ties. War is the wearisome march and the privation of camp. War is life ebbing away in the hospital or the prison-pen. War is the bursting shell and the thousands upon thousands of unseen bullets speeding death in every direction. War is the open-monthed cannon making windrows of victims through the ranks of armies. War is the empty sleeve and the weary crutch. War is force, bloodshed, anguish, death. To this harvest of death these brave men willingly went forth. The Spartan band of Leonidas at the Thermopylæ Pass were not more heroic and self-sacrificing; Curtius, who leaped into the yawning gulf to save with his own his nation's life, was not more daring. Do we not owe them, therefore, the homage we so willingly render to-day? They were not only patriotic, and brave, and daring, but they were martys also. The supporters of re-

ligion gave their lives for a principle. These martyrs of patriotism gave their lives for an idea. It was the grand idea of American nationality that inspired them to sacrifice, and transformed them from peaceful citizens into patriotic heroes. It was to save the dear old flag from dishonor, and the Nation that they loved from destruction, that they gave their lives. Some lived to see the victory for which they had periled so much; but many of them passed away before the hour of triumph, in the darkness of night, before the bright rays of the morning came. Some sleep in this city of the silent dead, near to the friends they loved while living. Many returned not, living or dead, but lie in distant cemeteries; or, sadder than all, have over them the tombstone marked "Unknown." But whether here or far away, a preserved Republic honors all their memories and gratefully enshrines their patriotic pride in undying history. We may adorn with loving tributes the resting-place of our beloved dead; the flowers which are strewn here may symbolize the living fragrance of their memory; but we shall honor them the most by having their example teach us to love our country more, to value its dearly purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to advance its greatness and true glory more. And thus, as we bare and bow our heads in their honor on this commemorative day, we shall appreciate more truly and thoroughly those priceless privileges for which they sacrificed all they had—home, and happiness, and life—to preserve for us and the generations that are to follow us when we too have passed away.

—*Schuyler Colfax.*

Decoration Day Poem.

BY H. H. VAN METER.

"Forward!" was the word when day
Dawned upon the armed array.

"Fallen!" was the word when night
Closed upon the field of fight.

"Hurt, my boy?" "O, no! Not much!
"Only got a little touch!"

"Wonder what the folks would say,
If they knew the news to-day!"

"Forward!" was the word that flashed
Homeward, when the cannon crashed.

"Missing!" was the word sent home,
When the shades of night had come.

"Fallen?" "Yes; he fell, they say,
In the fiercest of the fray!"

"Died last night!" the message said,
Thus the morrow's papers read.

One young heart that heard that word,
Fluttered like a wounded bird!

One was broken! Bowed her head!
"Mother! Mother! Mother's dead!"

Two green graves we'll deck to-day,
Sons and mothers side by side.
None will dare to tell us "Nay!"
Both for Right and Freedom died.

While we honor him who fell
In the fiercest of the fray,
We will honor her as well
Lying by his side to-day.

Let the flowers, forever, fair,
Bloom above our fallen braves,
While the Angels guard them there,
Glory lingers o'er their graves.

Long ago one sweet young soul
Entered her Gethsemane,
Death to her the greatest goal,
As it must to many be!

But life lingers—O! so long!
And the years so weary grow!
Tears have choked her heart's sweet song,
Dimmed those eyes that used to glow!

O! the bleeding, broken hearts,
Living long their lingering death.
Pierced by countless cruel darts,
Smothered sobs beneath each breath.

Comrades! Call the roll again!
Write their name on glory's page!
Those who bore the grief and pain,
Fiercer far than battle's rage!

When they lie there by his side,
Dearer to him than his life,
Mother, sister, sweetheart, bride,
Or his dear devoted wife.

And you deck his grave again,
Write her name—but not beneath!
By her agony and pain,
Crown her grave with fairest wreath!

Angels called the roll again,
Wrote her name above the stars,
For her patient faith in pain,
Deeper far than battle's scars.

Three green graves we deck to-day,
This the third, where lies his bride—
None will dare to tell us "Nay!"
For these three for freedom died!

Obedience to the Will of the Majority.

If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of 15,000 men, whose lives were more significant than speech and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung. With words, we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept: plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and in that act they resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed by temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with these the conflict was ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty, and personal security were blessings as common and universal as sunshine and showers and fruitful seasons; and all sprang from a single source—the principle declared in the Pilgrim covenant of 1620—that all owed due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system; it is the system itself. It is our political firmament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in the heaven. It is the encasing air; the breath of the Nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe, if the power of gravitation were destroyed.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek, 2,000 years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

—*James A. Garfield.*

Memorial Day.

BY GEORGE A. WILSON.

Winding among the mounds of earth,
Each with its tale to tell,
Hushed are all sounds of careless mirth
While tolls yon deep-toned bell.

And then the band strikes up a dirge,
And hearts that ne'er knew fear
Swell up, with an impetuous surge,
While falls the silent tear.

And then,—but hark: "Right shoulder arms!"
Rings out upon the air,
And vet'rans, feeling long dead charms,
Obey, and onward bear.

The sun shines its most piercing rays,
Bathing in warmth the ground,
Just as it did in those dark days
When roared the cannon's sound.

But of the men who marched ahead,
In spite of shot and shell,
Some are now camping with the dead,
Buried right where they fell.

A woman bends beside the tomb
Of one once dear to her,
Who left her in his youthful bloom,
A dashing officer.

Then came the news; a rebel shot
Bore Charlie to the ground,—
That moment's shock she ne'er forgot,—
Her heart gave one great bound.

They bore him home and laid his form
Among the sighing trees,
And there he lies, in rain and storm,
And in the Spring-time breeze.

The guns may roar, the cannon's crack,
Beneath the heavens starred;
He's in the last grand bivouac,
Inside the old church-yard.

Yes, oft she comes to mourn her dead,
The love of by-gone years,
O'er Charlie's tomb sweet flowers to spread,
Bedewing all with tears.

There leave her with her long-dead boy,
Sleeping beneath the sod;
She buried every earthly joy
When he went home to God.

And as the slow procession twines
Away, 'mid gathering gloom,
She sinks among the tendril vines,
Alone with the silent tomb.

The Cloud is Lifted.

But the cloud is lifted from battle-field, hospital and prison, time gently does its work; the grass grows in the hoof prints left by the horses on those southern plains; better still, sects of Christians once sundered by geographical lines, are confessing this very week, that it was slavery which rent them in twain, and that henceforth there need be no further animosity. Yes, time does its work; the sharp agony of bereavement is mellowed into a thankful but humble pride, a chastened longing for the time when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and we shall once more see face to face. In sympathy, then, with what the hand of time, in God's Providence, is doing, we come hither to-day, not so much lamenting, as we come, exulting, exulting in what God gave our cherised ones to do, exulting in that deathless fame which the humblest one among them shares with him who in official rank may have been the highest, as having fallen a victim, whether in a sudden moment, or by lingering disease, in a conflict which will be forever associated with the progress, among the Nations, of *universal liberty.*

—*Rev. W. O. White, at Keene, N. H.*

On Every Soldier's Grave.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They say, though, Decoration days is giner'ly observed
'Most ev'rywhares—espeshally by soldier boys that's served—
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away—
In pint o' fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' on the band—
And citizuns all jinin' in—and little children, too—
All marchin' under shelter of the old red, white and blue.

With roses! roses! roses! ev'rybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't the boys know it, from theyr camp acrost the hill?
Don't they see theyr com'ads comin' and the old flag wavin still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr Decoration day?

We've tried that—me and mother—whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchurd, in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast,
And the flag he died fer smilin' and a-ripplin' in the breeze
Above his grave, and over that a robin in the trees!

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—mor'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

Cheers for the Living—Tears for the Dead.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boistrous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whispering and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tone to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she

answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He has gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the street of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storms and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed at the last grief. The past rushes before us, we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child, trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes die. We look—instead of slaves we see men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-book, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—Cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

—*Col. Ingersoll.*

Poem.

BY J. WARREN NEWHALL, AT LYNN, MASS.

Friends of the noble slain, we come to-day
To scatter flowers upon the soldier's grave;
Her Love and Gratitude together pay
The heart's fond homage to our Fallen Brave.

You could not gather for a holier rite;
To pluck the beauteous flowers of rare perfume,
And weave them, tinted by Heaven's lovely light,
Into a garland for the hero's tomb.

What fitter offering could Remembrance bring,
Than these fair offspsrings of the fragrant bowers?
Seeming like symbols of the "Eternal Spring,"
Or God's pure thoughts written on earth in flowers.

Aye, bring fresh wreaths to deck the hallowed spot
Where rest the ashes of our honored dead;
Which from the battle-field ye gently brought,
To lay within the warrior's dreamless bed.

All through the land for which they nobly died,
Unto these shrines shall kindred ones repair,
To kneel o'er those who fell in manhood's pride,
And lay Affection's floral tribute there.

Thus, wheresoe'er the soldier shall be laid,
'Neath Auburn's costly tombs of sculptured stone,
Or in the humble churchyard's quiet shade,
There let those emblems of our love be strewn.

Thence, floating upward to th' o'erarching skies,
Heaven's azure canopy above them hung,
A richer, purer incense shall arise
Than ever priest from golden censer swung.

Not for mere hero-worship are we here.
Adoring Fame born of conflict and death,
But our beloved ones' memory to revere—
Our Youth, our Pride, our Valor, and our Worth.

We saw them from our threatened homes depart,
To strike for Freedom an avenging blow;
And, pressing back the yearnings of the heart,
Staying the tears of love, we bade them "Go."

We heard of them upon the battle-field,
And glorious was the record which we read;
Marching the sword of Liberty to wield,
Till Treason quailed before their mighty tread.

Oh, how we trembled when the pending strife
Sent its vague rumors winging through the air!
Lest in the cruel fray some *precious* life
Had for the country's weal been given there.

And when 'twas told "the battle had been won,"
Our loved ones safe from harm, and all was well,
How fervently we thanked the Eternal One,
How our glad hearts with gratitude did swell!

Then came the tidings of their gallant deeds,
How they hurled back the fiery, fearful tide;
Of how they saved Columbia in her need—
Then, how we blessed them in deep loyal pride.

Once more we heard of them; but ah! we bowed
With brow convulsed by grief, and quivering breath,
To learn that those of whom we were so proud,
Lay cold and still in the embrace of Death.

Oh! then how empty seemed the sound of Fame—
How dear was victory at *such* a price!
Oft we repeated o'er the cherished name,
And thought the *good* less than the *sacrifice.*

With careful hand we raised the lifeless forms,
And homeward gently bore our cherished dead,
To lay them where no cruel battle-storm
Should sweep in ruthless fury o'er their bed.

We placed them tenderly beneath the sod,
Whispering, "O Earth, take back the dust ye gave;"
Then, bruised and bleeding from Affliction's rod,
We turned in sorrow from our *Fallen Brave.*

Then Liberty, Columbia's genius, spake:
"Precious, indeed, are lives like these to give;
Weep, but repine not, though fond ties may break;
They died, but ah! they died that I might live.

"Yea, weep; yet murmur not; rather rejoice
That ye could give such treasures in my name;
Their deeds gleam out like gems of rarest choice
Set in imperishable crowns of Fame.

"Ye will forget them never, but shall tell
Unto your children's children how they fought
Beneath my starry emblem—how they bravely fell,
And Freedom's peerless heritage re-bought.

"And wheresoe'er a soldier's sepulchre
Is made, thither the Comrade's feet shall tend,
When Spring's soft breath and sunny pinions stir
The bending spray, where birds their chorus blend.

"There shall they bring from Flora's fairest bowers
The choicest blooms by sunshine e'er caressed,
Till every grave shall seem a gate of flowers,
Through which the sleeper's soul passed home to rest."

Thus counselled Liberty; and we come forth
To accept and execute the high design;
Surviving Comrades through the loyal North
Will make each hero's grave the patriot's shrine.

And we will count this as the choicest day
In the year's calendar, when we renew
Our love perennial, and these offerings lay
In reverence to the valiant and the true.

Blest privilege, thus to honor Valor's tomb—
An hour unto their worth to consecrate!
Perchance e'en now from their blest spirit-home
Their blessings float down through the pearly gate.

They died defending Freedom 'gainst her foes;
They're sleeping for the flag that bears no stain;
Oh, better thus to die, and thus repose,
Than to live on in Treason's shameless train.

But some, alas! are resting where they fell;
Not e'en a rude stone marks the lonely spot;
Ah! who shall visit that sequestered dell—
By what fond hand shall garlands there be brought?

Kind Heaven its angel-messengers shall send,
To linger where the tangled fern-leaves wave,
With dew and sunshine that lone spot to tend,
Till sweet wild flowers shall deck the unmarked grave.

Thus shall it be, that not one resting-place
Shall e'er neglected or forgotten be,
But o'er these mounds shall Honor, Love, and Praise
Perform the rites of Memory's ministry.

And on this sadly sweet Memorial day,
The stranger who the noisy city shuns,
Shall gaze upon your sacred task, to say,
"See how Columbia loves her martyred sons."

Rest, hallowed dust! the affection we bore ye
Ever shall glow like a halo of light;
Remembrance shall ever her vigils keep o'er ye,
True as the stars to their mission by night.

Peacefully rest, while we tell the proud story
To those who assemble these honors to pay,
Of how the bright garlands of Earth's *highest* glory
Were bound round your brows as your life ebbed away.

Glorified spirits in regions immortal,
Shades of our martyrs who over us bend,
Upward ye speed, through the fair pearly portal,
Where the grand music of seraphims blend.

Changed are life's joys for enjoyments supernal,
Shadows laid by for the substance above,
Earth's transient fame for the glories eternal
Bestowed in the mansions of Infinite Love.

Friends of the fallen, let holiest emotions
Inspire us with love for this beautiful trust;
Smile on us, Heaven, as in loyal devotion
We hallow their memory and honor their dust.

Our National Emblem.

When a man of thoughtful mind sees a Nation's flag, he sees not the flag only, but the Nation itself; and whatever may be his symbols, he reads chiefly in the flag of the Government, the principles, the truth, the history, which belong to the Nation which sets it forth.

When the French tri-color rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see Italy restored. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of the Old World, we see not the cloth merely; there arises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law and national prosperity.

This Nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoice in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand or went forth upon the seas carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining Nation like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his army; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing Nation; and when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes, and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve,

come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Unknown Grave.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave.
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou had'st, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

The Graves an Inspiration.

Friends of the patriot dead, we blend our sympathies with yours, and give them expression in the offering of the hour. But not in this way alone. In forms more practical and tangible would we speak our love. To cover the defenseless heads of orphanage and widowhood, left shelterless by the calamities of war, to support the weakened, wearied steps of age, from which the strong staff was taken, is in part our work. To our care fallen comrades committed their dependent ones—a sacred trust. We accept the obligation thus imposed to the full measure of our power. And now, while we share with you in the chastened grief these ceremonies will naturally awake, give us, too, to share in the proud remembrance that these lost sons, and husbands, and fathers, and brothers, fell in the high places of the land, contending for liberty and law. Give us to share with you the consoling reflection, that, though they perished, the country lived; and permit us, with you who gave them up, to send out the all-hail of that grand future sown in tears and blood.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, and other soldiers participating in these solemnities, our dead companions seem mustering again and falling into line. As the Eastern warrior imagined that the shades of his slain brothers closed often around him, so, to our fancy, those once with us on march and p st, in camp and field, afloat and ashore, seem coming back as we thus hallow their memories. Again the drums are rolling, and colors tattered in a score of battles wave. In mighty square and column from a third of a million men, who did all that arm of mortal might, and then died where the missiles of de-truction flew thick, or sickened in the tangled swamp, or starved in the foul stockade, or sank in the boundless blue. Names that history will embalm are in those battalions, but thousands more, just as faithful, whose services shall go unmentioned, are also there.

"Gathered home from the grave,
Risen from sun and rain,
Rescued from wind and wave,
Out of the stormy main,
The legions of our brave
Are all in their lines again."

Be their presence an inspiration to all honorable deeds, to unswerving patriotism, to a pure, unselfish, noble life. Returning from these rites, may sublimer purposes be stirred and aspirations reaching out after immortality be strengthened.

And now, as the sun hastens to its going down, we turn away. Farewell, brothers, to whose memory we have given these hours. Your work has ended, but that work the latest age the Nation sees shall not outlast. When the strange drama of its history shall have closed with songs of praise, then shall be seen, as cannot now, how wondrous the harvest of life and progress gathered from seeds of decay and death sown beneath these mounds; how great the issue and how grand the reward of all such sacrifice!

"Here let them rest;
And Summer's heat and Winters cold
Shall glow and freeze above this mould—
A thousand years shall pass away—
A Nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest."

—*Past Commander Gardner S Morse, at Lynn, Mass.*

Poem.

BY MRS. MARY D. MERRIAM, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Bring hither the flowers of earliest bloom,
Wave back with their fragrance all terror and gloom,
Make lovely the passage of Life to the tomb,
For the lost ones of earth have only gone home.

Though fathers, and wives, and sisters, may weep
At the thought of Death's slumber so silent and deep,
Yet remember, ye mourners, those soldiers will keep
Their sentinel guard around you while you sleep.

Not here, in the dust, doth the soldier heart lie,
Nor far, far away beyond the blue sky;

But sometimes so near, you can almost descry
A form by your side,—and the same loving eye.

Then come with fresh flowers, and scatter them here,
No time is more fitting,—no tribute so dear;
These offerings of Love their spirits will cheer,
As onward they march in the Heavenly sphere.

Though camp-life is ended, their work is not done,
They fought a good fight, yet their race is not run,
But onward, and upward, towards God the great Sun,
Sounds a higher command to every one.

Soldiers, dear soldiers, your mem'ries shall live,
While we have a tear or a flower to give;
Honor be yours, oh, ye true-hearted braves,
When we see the old flag, and the homes of the slaves.

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Green Be Your Memory.

BY GEORGE A. MARDEN, LOWELL, MASS.

Scattered on Sourthern fields they lie,
Where tropic breezes gently sigh;
Under the shade of orange tree,
Upon the fields of Olustee;
Or on the sandy drifts that pile
The barren waste of Morris' Isle;
Buried in melancholy lines
Among the swamps of Seven Pines,
And hundreds more, half-buried still,
On slopes of Gaines' and Malvern Hill;
Lying beneath the waving grain
On broad Manassas' war-scarred plain;
Scattered 'mong gloomy woods that dress
The long haunts of the Wilderness;
Adown the Mississippi's coast,
Among the winding bayous lost;
Or with a Nation's tears interred
In thy great tomb, O Gettysburg.
Rest, ye brave men, where'er ye lie!
Your valor brought us victory.
Green be the sod above your graves,
O'er which your flag in triumph waves;
Green be your memory that lives
With all the brightness valor gives;
Hallowed by Nation saved from wreck;
Hallowed by friends your graves shall deck;
Hallowed by patriotic men,
Orator's tongue and poet's pen;
But doubly hallowed here by us
Who morn our battle-comrades' loss;
Though in uncoffined graves ye lie,
Ye are of those not born to die.

The Roll of the Dead.

—"Who died in defense of their country." Seven years have gone since they began to die. Hardly had the head of the column entered the rebellious States, hardly had the keel of the war-ship cut the Southern waters, when the roll of the dead was begun. Thenceforward it lengthened year by year through four years of warfare. Dead on the slippery decks! Dead by the camp-fires of a night! Dead in the smoke-cloud of battle! Dead in the murderous prison-pen! Time, which has hidden the trenches under the green grass, and plowed over the track of the heavy guns, has softened the first violence of mourning into gentle sadness, and is healing a Nation's wounds. But wherever loyal men and true comrades are, to-day a people brings its offering with which to garland the graves of their dead heroes.

We pause by this memorial stone, comrades and citizens, for a parting service. We could not find all the graves to-day. You know where they are. The waters are the restless graves of some. The bluffs of the quiet rivers cover some. The thronged burial-place where drooping captives muster-

ed strength to bury the starved dead, hold some in endless captivity. So, now you have decked the graves of those who sleep at home, pause, and here honor the graves of those who sleep far off.

This is no time for many words. Sometimes words are helpless, because the great idea disdains the bondage of language. The men whom we remember were not men of words, but deeds. All their words were written with their bayonets. With their sabers they shaped the destiny of their land. "They died in defense of their country!" What is more eloquent than the majestic simplicity of that phrase? "Their country!" Let not him try to measure the length and breadth of these words, who thinks of his country only as a place to buy and sell and get gain! Let him not try to sound the depth of these words, whose idea of his country is only that wherein he shall get public office and honor and profit!

—*Rev. Dr. Quint, New Bedford, Mass.*

Poem.

BY CAPT. LUTHER DAME, AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Scatter bright flowers where tears have been shed,
Over the graves of our patriot dead;
Twine into garlands the myrtle and rose,
To deck the green earth where their ashes repose.

Sadly we laid them away to their rest—
Hearts we had cherished, loved and caressed—
Borne from the battle-field, wounded or slain,
Filling the household with sorrow and pain.

Kind words at parting still sound in our ears,
Though days have grown months and months become years.
And lips that turned pale with "good by" at the door,
Have mouldered to dust, and will greet us no more.

Many a mourner to-day will reveal
Traces of sorrow they cannot conceal;
Words will be spoken, and tear-drops will start.
Bespeaking the grief that lies deep in their heart.

The bugle no more at the dawning of light
Calls up the worn soldier to arm for the fight;
For the conflict of death has ceased on the plain,
And peace sheds her blessings upon us again.
Long shall their deeds live in story and song—
How they struggled for right and battled with wrong;
Their fame is immortal, their life's work is done,
Their armor ungirded, and victory won.

"What a Wealth of Sorrow!"

Our solemn ceremonies are finished. To-day the golden sun has painted with radiant, but evanescent colors, a firmament of garlands laid by loving hands upon the multitude of soldiers' graves that consecrate our land. In every part of this broad country, in every valley and shaded nook that holds a hero's resting-place; in stately cemeteries and in modest church-yards; in the distant field, beneath its clump of elms, to the road-side cross, a train has come and gone, and left behind some tender memorial of the love they bore the dead. The gifts of sturdy comrades, of wives, with hearts in ashes; of stricken parents, and weeping and wondering children, lie strewn together, wet with the dew of night, and the tears of loving ones. What wealth of sorrow! what treasures of tears! what majesty of woe! That golden sun has sunk to rest, and the shadows that shake from their folds sad musings, have fallen upon the homes from which these missing ones followed the stirring drum and fife. Who can penetrate even in imagination these broken circles, that with emotions newly aroused by the offices performed this day, recount the sorrows of heart and stern privations that have followed each peculiar bereavement, without realizing that the living soldier owes to the dead soldier a duty, in shielding from want and suffering those he has left to bear his burdens with their own sorrows.

Sleep on, ye fallen ones! beneath the watchful beams of the sentinel moon that paces her silent beat above you, no alarms nor rattling fire from startled picket lines can reach your ears, or call you from your rest. No wily foe can burst upon your camping-ground where your flowery tents are pitched and lighted by the fire-fly, to drive you from your lonely bivouac. To-morrow's light will break—the bugle will call to duty—the drums will proclaim the advent of another sun, but you will not come forth, nor make report for duty again among men. Sun after sun will warm the turf above you; year after year will bring our floral offerings, such as we make to-day. Age after age will ripen human things, but you will come no more to roll-call. But still a day will come when a bugle-call will reverberate through the morning air, and an assembly will be sounded that shall wake you, and call you

forth to answer to your names upon the rolls of the grand army of the Great Commander of Heaven and Earth, to form upon the standards emblazoned with the golden martyr cross, and hold, eternally, the lines that sever justice, truth and fortitude from hatred, vice, and fear.

—*A. J. Willard, at Charleston, S. C., May 30, 1868.*

Our Martyrs.

BY FRANCIS DEHAES JANVIER.

A poem dedicated to the memory of the Union soldiers who fell during the war of the rebellion, and are buried at Arlington, Va.

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,
Full of beauty and perfume,
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Every sepulcher you see
Is a shrine, henceforth to be
Consecrate to liberty.

Here, beneath the earth's green breast,
Loved, lamented, honored, blest,
Twice ten thousand martyrs rest!

Twice ten thousand martyrs, slain
Truth and justice to maintain:—
Theirs the loss, but ours the gain!

When rebellion's fiery flood
Swept the land, these heroes stood,
Met, and quenched it with their blood.

Can such service be repaid?
Can the record they have made—
Can their glory—ever fade?

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,
Full of beauty and perfume,
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Pausing on your silent way,
While affection's vows you pay,
Bathe with tears each budding spray.

Grateful tears, with blessings fraught,
For the deeds these heroes wrought,
For the lesson they have taught.

Be your blooming garlands strown
Doubly on the altar-stone
Reared to those who rest—"Unknown."

Here, unrecognized, they lie,
But above the starry sky
Martyrs' names can never die!

Kneeling, on this sacred sod,
Swear!—to follow Freedom's God
In the path these patriots trod!

Swear!—their little ones to bless:
Cherish, shield them from distress;
Unprotected, fatherless!

Swear!—that this fair land shall be
Evermore a legacy,
Precious—undivided—free!

The Athenian Dead.

It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the City. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives, flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases (wonders of art, which after 2,000 years adorn the museums of Modern Europe)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be removed. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed; mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way, and to them it was permitted, by the simplicity of of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations, for the beloved, and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns; whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples; whose gardens were ever green with streams from the neighboring hills and shaded with trees sacred to Minerva, and coeval with the foundation of the city, whose circuit inclosed

"The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird,
Trilled his thick-warbled note, the Summer long;"

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There beneath the over-arching plane trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained by law that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude. "Such were the tokens of respect required by law to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country."

—*Edward Everett, at Gettysburg, Pa.*

Poem.

BY JOHN WESTALL.

Bring flowers to-day—
The fairest flowers of May!
And Let the Nation pay
Its grateful tributes here, where monumental stone
Shall keep the patriot warriors' names for ages known.
Bring flowers to-day!
And lay them on the graves
Where but the earthly lies
Of our heroic braves;
And keep alive their noble memories,
As the illimitable years in grand succession rise.

Bring flowers to-day—
The purest, sweetest, richest of the May!
The violets blue,
As our brave warriors true;
The roses red,
Red as the blood they shed;
The lilies spotless white,
Pure as the starry light,
Which led them in the fight,
Triumphant for the Right;
The red, the white, the blue,
Like the dear flag which o'er them flew
In victory,
So splendidly,
On many a battle-field,
When cannons thundering pealed,
And bayonets flashed,
And mad Rebellion dashed
Like waves against Freedom's eternal rock,
And perished in the shock.

Bring flowers to day—
The red, the white, the blue,
Of every shade and hue,
And let fair maidens lay
Their wreaths around each patriot warrior's honored name,
And crown with noble fame
The memory of the soldier brave,
And the brave sailor on the salt sea-wave,
Who once so freely gave
Their own dear life, their country's life to save!
Bring flowers to-day,
From the fresh hills where the wild breezes play,
From gardens fair,
Where all the murmuring air
Is full of songs of bird and bee,
And crimson apple-blooms are opening free.
Bring flowers to-day!
The fragrant purple spire,
And buds, whose hearts of fire
Speak of the loving hands who place them here,
So tenderly and dear;
Which all hearts move,
The sweet mementos of a Nation's love;
The grateful homage which a Nation pays
To her heroic dead,
In her heroic days.

Not here they sleep! not here they rest
Beneath the earth's green breast!
Earth here but claims her own,
Beneath the sculptured stone.
But from the body's prison
Their spirits have arisen;
As from the seed the plant must rise,
To bloom in Summer skies;
As from the darksome shell the blue-bird springs,
Spreads on the golden air its happy wings,
And with its heart of joy its song exulting sings.
Not here they sleep! not here they rest!
Earth here but holds her own:
Their spirits to celestial climes have flown,
And have immortal grown
In that fair world where death is never known;—
In that bright world of light
Beyond our mortal sight,
Where Love brings endless day, with blessings infinite.

How many memories rise,
Like stars on Summer skies,
As we read o'er the record of the dead
Who for their country fought, and toiled, and bled!—
The hissing shot on Sumter's bastioned wall;
The martyred Lincoln's call;
The rising of the North:—
Magnificent beyond compare!—
And when the troops came pouring forth,
The hopes which bloomed so bright and fair,
Alas! too soon to fade upon the Summer air:
Then the long, weary, weary, weary years,
Filling our hearts with grief, our eyes with tears,
Till the bright dawn came, scattering all our fears,
Emancipation leading in the way,
And at its heavenly call burst forth the glorious day.

Then Victory rose imperial by our side;
The Slave became a Man;
And through the Nation's pulses ran
A higher life; and higher rose the tide
Of hope, that might have died;
But Justice ruled the hour,
And with invincible power
She led the Nation to its grandest deed.
Then came the heroic Meade,
And Gettysburg flashed o'er the waiting land,
As fled away the routed rebel band;
And Vicksburg twinned the glory of that day,

And brave old Farragut lashed to the mast in
Mobile's crimson bay,
Lit up with splendor all the applauding sea
With his great victory.

O days of wonder! when each dawn arose,
Bringing new triumphs o'er fair Freedom's
foes;
When Sheridan like lightning flew
Up the dark valley, ever brave and true,
And by the grace of Heaven the lost was
won,
By Victory's darling son;—
When Sherman's matchless march from
mountain to the sea
Wrote a new page in Glory's history;—
When through the fiery Wilderness our
dauntless braves pressed on,
Till the great work was done,
Fighting it out on that line day by day,
Leaving their silent mounds to mark the way;
Till the Spring came with all her sweetest
flowers,
And the whole land was ours;
The Nation's armies, led by him whose words
were few,
Who taught us patience, and whose triumphs
grew
In grandeur, for his master mind
The great campaign designed,
Swept o'er the field, and saw the Nation's
want,
And every rebel fell before all-conquering
Grant.

O great as good and calm as Fate,
Modest as brave, and, like all truly great,
Seeking thy country's good, and not thy own,
Through every office; and through that alone
She turns to thee in peace as well as war,
Placing in thy tried hands her destinies;
For thy great name shines o'er her like a star
Serene and steady o'er tempestuous seas,
The hope and beacon-light to every mariner.

Within our heart the bells are ringing still,
As they rang once on every vale and hill;
For Peace came down from heaven again,
And her bright olives waved o'er mount and
plain,
While grand thanksgivings rose like mighty
seas,
And patriots on their bended knees
Blessed Heaven for all our victories.

As if the full-orbed sun should in an in-
stant drop
From the clear noonday sky,
They ceased, and wail and cry
Proclaim the Nation's agony.
The martyr Lincoln fell
In the bright morn of glory's grandest
day,
And sorrow such as tongue can never tell
Held o'er us unchecked sway.

His greatness we had never known till then;
His simplest grandeur made him first of men;
His honesty, the spotless citizen.
What was our loss we never knew till now,
By the deepest contrast which our hearts all
know
And speak with quivering lip, as we in
silence bow.

Ah me! what sadness mingles with our joy.
Such discipline we need!
Here bends the widow; there the orphan
boy
His father's name will read.
The empty sleeve, more eloquent than speech,
The patriot heart will teach;
The warrior leaning on his crutch
The obdurate soul will touch;
His halting step will tell
How the brave soldier fell
Wounded, where shot flew thick and fast,
And death came sweeping by upon the hurt-
ling blast.
A grateful Nation makes each child its ward,
From every want its treasures must keep
guard
The fairest monument it builds alone,
With justice for its corner-stone.

Who gave their lives for us, that we
Might reap the fruit of liberty?
This sculptured monumental stone
Tells by whose hands the costly work was
done.
The honored names of thy brave sons are
here,
America, forever dear!

While on its tablets, standing side by side,
As they once stood in battle's bloody tide,
Where they together fought, together died,
To stay dark Treason's crimes,
Are names from other climes.
Beneath thy banner they were one,
In duty all thine own;
True Scot, brave Celt, and English hearts of
oak,
Breaking the Traitor's yoke,
His chains and slavery,
And giving to humanity a broader scope
For nobler life than Europe dared to hope.

Ye Veterans from many a hard-fought battle-
field,
Who come this day to yield
Your hearts' deep tribute to your comrades
brave,
You saved your country in her darkest
hour;
Her voice still calls: again she bids you
save
Her liberties
From all her enemies,
And with a freeman's power

Fight her great battles now at home in peace,
Till every wrong shall cease;
And when in joy returns each fair November sun,
Let your pure ballots keep what your bright bayonets won.

Let us keep fast what Freedom here has gained:
The ballot true, from every fraud unstained,
Guarded by hands well trained,
Impartial, equal to each citizen;
The strength of loyal men,
This is the fortress of our Liberty;
Who keeps this pure, shall evermore be free,
While o'er the land unnumbered schools, like flowers, shall rise,
And countless sacred spires point upward to the skies.

Oh, words are weak beside the grave,
When patriots die our liberties to save!
Yet here we may renew
Our vows to Freedom, and here consecrate
Ourselves to her great service, firm and true.
Above our heads our country's banners wave
Their stars of stainless white in their bright fields of blue,
Shining like stars around heaven's morning gate.
Here we may pledge each faithful heart and hand,
To stand
By Freedom's sacred cause; that all the land,
From green Niagara's rainbow-crowned spray,
To the Arcadian shores of Tampa's placid bay—
From Shasta's peak of ever-sparkling snow,
To the wide fields of far-off Mexico,
Shall never, never more be trodden by a slave.
Here shall the people, true to Freedom's cause,
Live under equal laws;
And every taint of tyranny shall fade,
Nor race nor color shall their rights degrade;
That all may live in peace till life's bright sands are run,
In happy freemen's homes, the happiest 'neath the sun.

Results of the War.

The end of war has been attained in the ample unraveling of many of the difficult problems from which it sprang; the Union has been emphasized by the thunders of a thousand battle-fields; the Nation has been redeemed from its errors of organization; and liberty, justice, and equality promise to become the birthright of our posterity. It is well for us, then, once a year to gather beside these swelling heaps of earth, and to do our homage, poor at best, to those who lie beneath them. They have not fallen in vain! And men always, and under all circumstances, must sink every desire for their own advancement if they would be champions of a great cause. And, above all other men, the true soldier is willing to hazard wounds, and death even, for the sake of the principles which are emblazoned on this flag. A war without principle is unrighteous and accursed. But the soldier who lays down his very being in the maintenance of exalted issues is crowned with those amaranthine chaplets which are the guerdons only of our benefactors.

—*Hon. R. Stockett Mathews.*

Bring Flowers.

Bring flowers, young flowers, to deck this stone,
Which tell of brave spirits that from earth have flown;
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the Southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath wakened the rose,
Whose perfume is sweet to our comrades' repose.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, from hillside and plain,
Their colors recall the deeds of the slain,
They are emblems of valor, honor, and truth;
They remind us of those who have died in their youth;
Who died by the hands of traitors and knaves—
Who were willing to die, but not to be slaves.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, from quiet homes,
Where a son or a brother never comes;
Let them be sprinkled in the tear-drop's dew,
For they tell of a memory that's ever true;
That shall always cling through coming time
To the one who was taken in manhood's prime.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the grave to shed,
Where sleep their long sleep our country's dead;
For this through its leaves the white rose burst;
For this in the wood was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift! Bring flowers, bring flowers!

Cherish the Veterans.

A word, and I am done. Let us cherish the life and services of our private soldiers; let us recognize the sacrifices they have made, and love all the more the institutions which under God they have saved. Let us keep unspotted and unsullied the principles and Government which they defended for us.

And to the soldiers who left their homes to fight for and maintain their country's honor and are now resting with the silent dead, peace be unto you.

We would decorate your graves to-day; we would make them bloom as the rose; we would shed a tear in your memory; we would raise a monument to your honor, to your work. We would not rear it of granite, but of nature's simplest flowers, the early Spring products of your own country. On it we would inscribe, not in letters of gold nor touched with diamond point, but with flowers wrought in the simplest design, words fitting to your life and death—God, America, and Humanity.

Soldier, sleep in peace. We bid you farewell, till the great day when Nations shall be judged before the great white throne. And our prayer is, that you may not only as patriots, but as Christians, meet your God, to go out no more forever.

—Rev Wm. Stearns, at Eastport, Me.

He Died for Me and You.

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave, the good, the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
Lie dead for me and you,
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave—
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fearful swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and fearful camp
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp
And died for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their blood like rain,
A home, a heritage to gain—
To gain for me and you.
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched and fought and bravely died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up from many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you.
These noble men—the Nation's pride,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you—
Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr-spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient and the tried—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you—
Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay,
To them is justly due;
And to the Nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say—
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

The Value of the Day.

Nor are these demonstrations mere sentiment. They are of highest and most enduring worth. They discipline and elevate; they feed the fires of heroism and foster and keep alive that spirit of unselfish devotion to country which we call patriotism And where does human nature show a brighter or a higher aspect than in its love for Nation or adopted land? How in all time the world rings with the power of its high examples. Long years before the birth of the Saviour a heathen Roman wrote, "It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country." These words touched so true a key in the human heart, that they were caught up and embalmed in the popular mind, and have been handed down from age to age as a part of the common faith and heritage of mankind. To-day we recognize their truth and value. It is and ever has been to the noble and exalted mind sweet and pleasant to die for one's country, and to those so gifted civilization and liberty owe a priceless debt. Honor, all honor, to those who laid down their lives for our country. To-day by these our offerings we recognize the obligation. We cannot hope to cancel it. Not to us only, but to the enduring future as well, does this duty belong. Not one grave shall go forgotten. Wherever they fell, on land or on sea, by the bullet or by sickness, on picket-line or in the hot and headlong charge—in the name of and for

each and all we cast our garlands on these graves. It is for ourselves we do it; not for them. Beneath these grassy mounds they heed us not. Their breasts are pulseless; but for very love of the heritage they left us, sealed by their blood, we must do by these votive wreaths this public honor to their memories. Suffering alike in making the great sacrifice, they are alike dear to us. Officer, subaltern, and private rank as equal on the rolls of this noble army of martyrs. They are one in our regard. They pass in silence in review before us. What multitudes of spectral forms: fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, and a little apart are the pale shadows of broken-hearted mothers, wives, and daughters. Nor banner, nor drum, nor trumpet is in advance of the countless host. In silence we salute them by draping their graves with flowers. We embalm their memories in our hearts and bequeath their fame to the chivalric guardianship of all coming time.

—*Hon. A. P. Nichols, at Buffalo, N. Y.*

"The Old Blue Coat."

BY BISHOP BURGESS, 1864.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great-coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor,
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore:
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line,
From Shem or Ham in the days of yore:
For surely he was a brother of mine,
Who for my sake the war coat wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I know he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore,
Than the blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore,
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star,
That warm great-coat the sentry wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardly Butler reined his steed
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
Perhaps behind him at his need,
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks,
In the morning sun, no more he wore
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore,
Or with Kearny and Pope, 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in that coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when right over him Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That the coat is mail which that soldier wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;

But his children will point, when they hear a drum,
To the proud old coat the soldier wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

None Forgotten.

To-day you called the roll, but those who lie sleeping here failed to answer the summons; and as the vast National roll is called throughout the land to-day, thousands of others likewise fail to hear the call and to answer. They fell in a distant land, on rugged mountain sides, in shady valleys, along the river's winding banks, and on the blood-stained plain. Many sleep in far-off graves, unnumbered and unknown. There their sacred ashes rest in peace. But though many weary leagues away, though in graves unmarked by monument or slab, yet not forgotten, they live in our hearts. And we assemble here this day to show the people of this land that the patriot's memory is held sacred by a grateful Nation; that his death is mourned with true and earnest tears; that while we respect his sleeping dust and mourn his death, the memory of his noble deeds and sacrifices is ever fresh and green, engraved on the tablets of our hearts.

—*Gen. John A. Logan.*

Hymn.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, NEWTON, MASS.

Grateful, the pious feast we keep
In memory of the dead,
And where the valiant soldiers sleep,
Strew honors o'er their bed.

As Spring-flowers deck the silent earth,
As stars the skies illume,
These loving tributes, lo! we bring,
To grace each hallowed tomb.

The land they saved their honor keeps,
While dark oppression cowers,
And every tear affection weeps
Is crystalled into flowers.

The deeds they wrought, the truths they sealed,
Their memory, dear, in death,
Are fragrant as the blooming field,
Or Summer's perfumed breath!

God of the living and the dead,
Like am'ranths on their tomb,
The trust for which their blood was shed,
Keep in immortal bloom.

Who Come to Decorate.

The mother comes, bringing the little garland she has so tenderly watched day by day, in the garden at her door, where her dear boy used to play, to lay it among the rest—brave-hearted, childless mother—on her darling's grave. The father comes, bracing his aged heart, wondering at his weakness, and wondering still more what now will bring the vigor of youth to the years of his decline. Fatherless children come, bringing their sweet posies from the pleasant fields where the father's hand had led them in the sunny days gone by. She comes, in the weeds of widowhood, from her lonely house to this less lonely spot, where under one sweet flower-robed mound he lies whose bosom locks the secret of her happiest years. The maiden comes with still unwandering heart, and here gives token of a love for the dead she never spoke to the living. The stranger, passing along, plucks the common wayside flowers, now so strangely beautiful, and lays them where, perchance, a long-parted playmate may be laid to rest. Hither you come, brave comrades of the dead, with a depth and quality of love that only a soldier's heart can feel, only a soldier's lips express; and even you, with hearts overrunning their urns with tenderest histories and memories, are powerless to shape in words your great love for your comrades dead. Your lips are as mute as theirs. None but the speech of angels, that no man can see, could speak for you to-day. Your words are in the tears glistening in eyes where late the light of battle shone; your speech is through the flowers in your hands, whose palms are even now tough with grasping the musket-stock or wielding the battle-sword; and never spake tears a diviner language, or uttered flowers a more transcendent speech.

How strange it seems, brave men, that you, who with unblanching eyes have seen death sweeping in grim splendor down the fiery track, and battalion after battalion trampled in the wine-press of war under its crimson feet; and yet to-day, when the heavens are filled with the splendors of the coming Summer, and in all the peaceful air there is no sound, no sight, to vex the sense of man, a thought, a memory, fills your eyes with tears. Ah! well, they are honorable tears; not signs of childish weakness, but manly strength; expressions of the bravest hearts, for they can be conquered by love, but not by the enemy's cannon. It was love, it was sympathy, it was devotion that led you to battle, and the same virtues bring you here to-day. The peace and perpetuity of our beloved country are secure so long as a love so tender, so tried, and so true as yours inspires the National soul.

We come to these graves to-day, all loving souls in the land, with one common sentiment of gratitude, recognizing no superiority of virtue, and in honor no distinction of rank—in the grand army of the dead all are equal—and we deck with flowers no more fondly nor proudly some great commander's dust than his, the poor picket, who fell unnoticed on his lonely beat.

Here lies many a one whose head was white, and whose limbs were weary, but, oh! how his youth came back to him in all its olden glow and bloom at the call of the fife and the beat of the drum. And by him sleeps the beautiful boy, so young that he was still at play in his boyish games when the wild music of war rolled through his soul, that made him in an hour a man, and to-day a hero lying in triumphant state. On his green bed we lay our morning-glory wreath, for he was once the morning-glory of some happy home.

—*W. R. Emerson, at South Weymouth, Mass.*

A Dirge.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

Bring garlands, rosy garlands,
  And strew these grassy graves!
For heroes here are sleeping,
Where liberty stands weeping
  For the bravest of her braves.

Bring flowers, fragrant flowers,
  From off Spring's dewy breast,
For those who, thro' the battle,
Pass'd down 'mid war's wild rattle,
  To the soldier's glorious rest.

Bring amaranthine flowers,
  From fame's far-shining crest,
For martyrs here lie crowded.
In the Nation's flag enshrouded,
  With its glory on each breast.

Bring music, plaintive music,
  And pour it on the air;
But check, oh! check the bugle's cry,
And hush the snare-drum's wild reply,
  Thro' these quiet aisles of prayer.

Bring tears and sobbing bosoms,
  And press them on each grave,
For widow'd wives and mothers
Bewail these soldier brothers,
  And a hallowed memory crave.

Bring laurel-woven garlands,
  And crown these mounds of love,
For the sword is now laid by;
The conqueror passed on high,
  To his welcome far above.

Bring our country's peerless banner,
  And dip it to the grave;
That the spirits here who sleep,
Once more in joy may leap,
  To the flag they died to save!

Flowers for the Dead.

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Flowers for the valiant dead
Who for the Union bled!
Let all the Summers shed
  Sweets on our brave!

Let all the years renew
Liberty's colors true;
Plant the red, white, and blue
  Over each grave!

Red rose for valor sow,
Lilies for honor strew,
And for the hearts below
  Violets blue.

So shall the years to be
Say to our children free,
Liberty's colors three
  Still are for you!

Lightly let flowers enfold
Pledges worth more than gold;
Lay on the lowly mold
  Lily and rose.

Pledges that freedom's seed,
Planted at Runnymede,
Up out of thorn and weed
  Evermore grows!

Out from these ashes mute
Freedom's wide branches shoot—
Liberty's lofty fruit
  Beckons the slave.

Soon to these altars dumb,
Grandly, at beat of drum,
All the far land shall come,
  Blessing our brave!

Come, where the valiant host,
Loving their country most,
In her dread Pentecost
  Yielded their souls!

Come, at the Whitsuntide,
Counting, with loving pride
Every true man who died
  Still on the rolls!

So, through the marching years,
Mingling their manly tears,
Mustered by rosy biers,
  Soldiers shall stand.

So, o'er each lowly grave
Freedom's high flag shall wave,
Blessing the dead who gave
  Life to the land!

Our Hearts Chastened.

Eight years ago, in the sweet Spring-time a shot in Charleston Harbor startled the Nation from its long dream of peace. The flag of Sumter went down with sorrow and in shame. An indignant people sprang to arms, and civil war, with all its untold horror and suffering, began its desolations. Eight years have come and gone. The war which treason commenced liberty ended. Standing beside our dead to-day we may reverently thank God that through all this mighty land the shadow of our flag falls neither upon foe nor slave. Four years ago, in this same Spring-time, the banners of the "lost cause" were furled; arms were grounded; the old flag of Sumter went back in pride and power to its rightful place; and your citizen-soldiers came again to the enjoyments of home and the industries of peace. But not until then had the Nation known all its sorrow. For in the midst of our rejoicing, as we bowed among our graves to bless the God of Battles that red war had sheathed the sword, the last bolt fell, and then the Nation's sin had been washed out in the blood of the Nation's best and purest. Stricken by the assassin, our good and brave leader passed from the living to join the holy army of the patriot dead, and died for liberty and law. Standing amid that shadowy host, he pleads that the Good Father will forgive our Nation all its wrongs. Bending from those heavens above us, as we stand with our hands burdened with flowers and our hearts chastened with tender memories, he pleads with us to-day to be faithful and good citizens, to be just, yet merciful, to put aside all hatred and uncharitableness, to guard our liberties with holy zeal, and always to remember at how great cost the Nation kept its liberty. Four years of returning peace have come and gone. We look up and down the ranks, and, many as are our number to-day, not many of these are the old familiar faces which were with us on the march and bivouac, not many of these are the tent-mates nor the comrades who stood beside us in battle.

—*Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, at Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The Volunteers' Graves.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
From the red battle-field volunteers come!
Not with a loud hurrah,
Nor with a wild *eclat*,
Nor with the tramp of war,
Come our brave sons—
Gently and noiselessly bear them along;
Hushed be the battle-hymn, music, and song.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Not as they marched away, volunteers come,
Not with the sword and gun,
Not with the stirring drum,
Come our dead heroes home,
Now all his work is done—
Thoughtfully, prayerfully, bear ye the dead,
Pillow it softly, the volunteer's head.

Silently, tearfully, welcome the brave,
Glory encircles the patriot's grave,
Here let affection swell,
Here let the marble tell
How the brave hero fell,
Loving his country well!
Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Welcome the volunteers, one by one!

Commemoration Day—May, 1869.

BY MISS HARRIET SMEAD.

A golden sky, a world of beauty,
Bright with blossoms and green with leaves,
We wandering 'mid its marvelous mazes,
Binding the blossoms in beautiful sheaves.

Deftly twining them into garlands,
Weaving them into rare bouquets;
Frail blossoms, pure as the prayers of cherubs,
With an incense sweeter than songs of praise.

Over the hills, with the sun descending,
Slowly we go to the home of the dead;
The angel of peace, above us bending,
Parteth the willow wherever we tread.

Over the hills to the silent city,
God he knoweth our hearts are true;
Around the graves of our heroes kneeling,
Heaven above and their dust below.

Our fallen soldiers we kneel around them,
With reverent fingers we deck their tombs;
Drop by drop was their life-blood given,
To save unto us our precious homes.

Our country's honor, our country's banner,
Safe they bore through the blazing lines;
For them doth liberty sing high anthems,
And their graves are a grateful Nation's shrines.

For them the heavens have heard our wailings,
For them the day beheld our tears;
Theirs be the shrines for votive garlands
Forevermore through the coming years.

In the temple of freedom, before its altar,
We kneel together side by side;
Yet well we know the temple had fallen,
Except for those grand lives crucified.

Then sacred this day to Columbia's martyrs,
Make lovely the graves of the noble slain;
May freemen never their heritage barter,
Nor freedom's altar with treason stain.

The Living Patriots.

To you, living patriots who stand before me and all around me, I would love, had I the power, to weave a coronet of brightest flowers, and in its center, with finest, fairest, texture woven, inscribe the motto "Excelsior," and with it wreathe your brow. But you need no such token of honor at my hands. Around your foreheads there gathers in the sunlight of liberty a halo of glory that will inspire love for you in the heart of every loyal man who ever sees it and wherever he shall witness it—a glory that shall not fade away or grow dim with age, but shall shine brighter and brighter, and only fade, if fade it must, when the glories of the resurrection morning burst upon the dark night of this sin-cursed world.

But we have not gathered for this purpose. We have gathered to-day to scatter these mementos of our love over the ashes of those who sacrificed life in their successful endeavor to roll back the tide of treason upon the shores of the hell from whence it first emanated. We have gathered to-day to honor the name and the memory of our gallant sleeping patriots; and not only to show their friends that we love them, but to show the world that in the heart of liberty's adherents there throbs a love that time, nor life, nor death can destroy.

To be sure, they who are sleeping here will not heed us in our work. We tread lightly as we gather around their graves, for the ground that contains their ashes seems like sacred ground. But we need have no fear of disturbing their slumbers.

"No sound of the battle, nor loud cannon's rattle,
Can ever awake them to glory again."

O sleep on, ye heroes; sleep on. You are dead, but not forgotten. No, no; the liberty for which you battled is dearer to us now by every tear you wept, by every sacrifice you made, by every pain you felt, by every drop of blood that trickled from your ghastly wounds. Your graves are to be the shrines to which we and our children after us shall gather for worship, and over them, with uncovered heads, we will send up to God a shout of thanksgiving and praise for "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

—*Rev. Wm. P. Abbott, at Newburg, N. Y.*

They Sweetly Sleep.

BY W. MILTON CLARKE.

They sleep, sweetly sleep, in the earth's kindly bosom,
Where wild grow the trees and the flowers bloom once more;
The roar of the cannon no more can disturb them,
For they rest from their labor, life's conflict is o'er.
From the din of life's battle they all have gone to rest,
And they sleep, sweetly sleep, in the love of the Nation.

Tread lightly the ground where their kindred have laid them,
Where o'er their low tombstones the native trees wave;
Disturb not the turf mounds which affection has made them,
For the spirit of freedom shall watch o'er each grave.
From the din of life's battle they all have gone to rest,
And they sleep, sweetly sleep, in the love of the Nation.

Our Patriot Dead.

BY MISS MARGARET F. MORGAN.

Friends, come with slower step anear
And softer voice, for they are near
Who bore our victor eagles proud,
And vanished in the battle cloud—
For honor guards this sacred ground,
A sentinel on his march around.

Too late, save on this holy spot,
To show that we forget them not;
The heart's regret, the dole of flowers,
How futile seem these gifts of ours—
Alas! so cold and unaware,
They reck not that we think or care.

No bugle-call, nor roll of drum,
No warning cry, "They come! they come!"
No "Forward march," with hoarse repeat,
Can stir the weary, weary feet.
His work is done, his rest how deep,
The soldier now has time to sleep!

What was his work? O, fearful sum!
When senates paled, and courts were dumb,
To stand amid the conflict dire,
A bulwark firm, a wall of fire,
Give heart, give home, what life could yield,
But save the young Republic's shield.

O, peace, thou vision—rainbow form!
Sweet genius of the cloud and storm—
Fair field with golden grain anew,
White fleets upon the dreamy blue,
Transforming all, save our regret,
Thou canst not teach us to forget!

'Neath many, many cottage eaves,
From lattice with its vail of leaves,
The mourner's eyes from habit stray
For hope adown the dusty way;
Then go about the day's employ,
And seek no more the soldier boy.

O, bells, from gleaming spires around,
Come join with soft consent of sound,
And tell thro' all the starry West,
The hallowed places where they rest;
That willing ones our work may share,
And lay a tribute garland there.

May go to woodlands far away,
And meadows all alight with May—
May ask the Summer for her part,
The bright thoughts all from out her heart,
And plant her rose and lily rare,
A tender, sweet memorial there.

O, birds to other climes that wing,
Repeat the story as ye sing,
That ye have found no brighter green,
No softer shade, no rarer sheen,
Than that which fair Columbia spread
Above her honored patriot dead.

Resignation.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise.
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

They are not dead, children of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where they no longer need our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what they are doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year their tender steps pursuing,
Behold them grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with them and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
Will reach them where they live.

Poem.

BY JOHN P. ORDWAY.

This fond memorial day,
Sweet-scented flowers we lay
On comrades' graves.
To brothers, brave and true,
Who country only knew,
The flag—red, white, and blue—
Still o'er them waves.

We shed the heartfelt tear
For brave souls ever dear
To freedom's name.
With flowers we crown the brave,
Sweet flowers to gently wave,
With wreaths each mound engrave,
"Immortal fame."

Oh! noble souls were they,
We meet to bless this day,
In Auburn's shade.
Plant violets sweet and rare,
The rose and lily fair,
With garlands rich, to share
Each comrade's grave.

Then echo back the sound,
To bless each soldier mound
With brother's love.
The march and silent camp,
The bivouac, or tramp,
In mem'ry's golden lamp
Still point above!

Can we forget the name
Of him our camp doth claim—
The soldier's friend?—
No! no! he's ever near,
To bless us with good cheer,
And on his grave our tear
Shall softly blend.

Thus, comrades, on this day
We guard the loyal way
Of truth and right;
Our fealty now renew
To country ever true,
Sweet flowers we loving strew,
Heaven bless the sight!

A Picture of the Past.

Comrades who stand around me, let memory lead us back to the comrades of long ago. Let us again see beside us the manly faces that kept us up in the hour of strife, and feel again the stalwart arm's touch as we stood in the ranks of death. Theirs were hearts that never faltered and lips that never paled. Vividly they stand before us to-day, and we call to mind the onslaugh some comrade died repelling; some terrible leaden storm that smote him by our side; some prison-pen, where, dying, he still spoke of God's fair land. That comrade you loved as a brother. But to-day mere friendship is forgotten, a higher and holier impulse leads us to do honor to the dead. Though your brother, the playmate or your childhood, the companion of your school-days, and your comrade in the field were sleeping here, forget to-day the ties of consanguinity, for a higher relationship binds you to him. Fathers, sons, friends, and brothers, sleeping here in soldiers' graves, we visit you again, and, placing on your breasts the first floral offering of the land you died to save, we proclaim you the children of immortality, the ever-living heroes of freedom.

The scenes being enacted here are but the prototype of thousands of others, in every hamlet and city and mountain and glen of our land, where a Union soldier is sleeping and a loyal heart is found to do him honor. By the broad Susquehanna, along the Delaware, up the Lehigh, and on the banks of the Alleghany, the friends of the Union, the surviving comrades, are gathered to deck the graves of the dead. By the waters of the northern lakes, and down the sweeping hills to the southern gardens of death, the "long-roll" of patriotism has called hundreds to each spot where a soldier of the Republic sleeps. By the rocky coast and the busy villages of New England, by the slopes of her everlasting hills, and on the banks of her historic streams, the men who lived to see the land they fought for restored are doing honor to those who died that the land they bled for might be saved.

But let us look beyond the cemeteries, where marked graves give the names of the fallen, and where friends can reach them with floral offerings. Let us think of the bleaching uncoffined bones about which the wild flowers grow on the mountain or in the jungle, or which, washed by the ceaseless pulsations of the ocean, are rocking 'neath the waves on which in life they guarded so bravely their country's sacred shore. And let us consider the thousands of graves marked with the solemn word of "unknown." Yes, my comrades, they are unknown to the world, but known to us. Unknown the name, but known he was a soldier and a comrade. Unknown his age, whether laughing boy or gray-haired sire, but known he was a man who laughed at danger when duty called. Unknown the country of his birth or the altar at which he knelt, but known he was an American by birth or adoption: a son of the Republic who sealed his love with his life. Unknown what color the all-wise Creator gave to the soldier sleeping below, but known he was a man. He struggled for freedom. He fought by our side. He wore the blue uniform of our army. His cheer rang out with ours in the hour of victory, and he died with his face to the storm of death. And whether the life-blood poured earthward from the breast of the white man or trickled from the swarthy brow of the negro, we ask not; we only know he was a comrade, and in that name, age, birth, religion, nationality, and color are forgotten. All soldiers at least receive like honors in the grave.

—*Maj. A. R. Calhoun, at Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Dying Soldier."

Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready!
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken,
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where—
Than lie in that foul prison-hole over there.
Step slowly!
Speak lowly!
These rocks may have life!
Lay me down in this hollow,
We are out of the strife.
By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
No; no surgeon for me—he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is the pickax and spade.
What! Morris, a tear? Why, shame on ye, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you've began
To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens—
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.
Well, well, I'm rough, 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper, but yet I'm no fool;
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe,
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock!

Did you mind that loud cry,
When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
Oh! wasn't it grand?

God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight!
No time was there given for prayer or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing sand.

Huzza!
Great heavens! this bullet-hole gapes a grave!
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray!
Pray!
Our Father! our Father! Why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
Ebbing away!
Ebbing away!
The light of the day
Is turning gray.
Pray!
Pray!
Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I staunch the hot blood from this hole in my breast:
There's something about a forgiveness of sin.
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head;
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye;
Throw wide thy gate to let him in,
And take him pleading to thy arms:
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you! my comrades, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path when my sight has grown dim.
I am dying—bend down, till I touch you once more—
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war—
Confusion to enemies! keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

Departed Heroes.

Departed heroes! ye who loved yourselves less and your country more, who gave your noble lives to perpetuate the Union, who exchanged your earthly joys, pleasures, and friends for the unknown future, hoping thereby to preserve inviolate the institutions of your fathers; ye who hesitated not to embrace the fierce lock of deadly combat, abiding the expected horrors of bloodshed and death; who accepted the dangers of war, that others might enjoy the calms of peace; who stood the ready bulwark and defense of your country through its darkest days of storm and danger; ye, comparatively a few, who challenged death for the happiness of many, we would send you this day the greeting of our affectionate remembrance. We remember when Sumter surrendered, when the flag of our national sovereignty was trailed in the dust, when the country was wild with excitement, how your faces glowed with patriotic enthusiasm; how you left the plow, the shop, the mart, the school, and the office; how you rallied from the hills and the valleys of your country and went forth to do battle, as did your sires of the Revolution. We remember you upon the march, at the bivouac, in camp, in hospital, and in the field; in health, in sickness, and in death. We remember the hurrying to and fro in hot haste, the quickened step, the quivering lip, the moistened eye, the preparation, the final leave-taking, and departure for new scenes of stern trials; the occasional letter, the return upon furlough, the brief stay, the faithful return to duty; yes, we remember you through all the tragic scenes of war. More than this, we remember, as one by one, sometimes by tens or more, the news of your summons to eternity reached your homes, how all were bowed with grief and filled with anguish. Your forefathers gave their lives to establish a great Nation and you gave yours to preserve it; as they have been remembered, so will you be remembered.

The Nation, with its returning prosperity, disenthralled and mighty in the glory of its freedom, with the flag floating unchallenged from Maine to the gulf over every fort and

arsenal, from one great ocean to the other, looks to you as benefactors. We would remember you with a lasting generous gratitude; we would remember you as a sacrifice worthy the cause for which you died; we would remember you as you were in life and as you are in death. A thought of remembrance we will bestow upon the memory of him who came from his western home, a plain, unassuming man, asking the prayers of his neighbors to assist him in the untried responsibilities of the important place to which he had been called, who dared be just, and in the justice of his doings elevated a race from the degradation of slavery to the glorious sunlight of liberty—who, after a little more than four years' faithful service at the head of the Nation, was returned to that home a mighty conqueror, to sleep the sleep of death.

—*Maj. Josiah Grout, jr., at Derby Centre, Vt.*

Bring Fadeless Evergreens.

BY MRS. K. B. SHERWOOD.

Aye, bring the fadeless evergreens, the laurel and the bay,
A grateful land remembers all her promises to-day;
And hearts that gave their treasures up when manhood was the price,
Now bring their sweetest offerings and bless the sacrifice.
It is no soulless pageantry o'er half-forgotten deeds
Which draws from painted history the spirit of its meeds!
In the pale and anxious faces that gather in the crowd,
Is found the brave, sad story of the conquest and the shroud.

Aye, bring the fadeless evergreens, the laurel and the bay,
They serve a nobler purpose now than under Roman sway;
We'll twine them for our heroes with the cypress and the yew,
And weave them into garlands with the rosemary and rue.
The emblems of the conqueror, the emblems of the dead,
Shall rest, a silent homily, above each sleeping head,
While victory is whispering of battles nobly won,
Sweet peace shall quiet sorrow with her touching, tender tone.

Aye, bring the queen of flowers—the roses red and white—
Though we name no haughty Lancaster or York-devoted knight,
We sing of greater deeds to-day, of greater battles won,
Of freemen wrapped in freedom's flag when freedom's work was done.
Aye, strew the dew-wet roses—each liquid drop a tear
From eyes grown dim with weeping above the soldier's bier,
For as their dying fragrancy fills all the Summer morn,
So from the tomb of patriots is heroism born.

Aye, bring the pale white flowers, fresh and sweet to look upon—
There are no purer symbols of the noble spirits gone—
The sweetness floating from them comes to gladden us to-day,
Like memories of cherished friends forever passed away.
Aye, bring the stately flowers, the haughty *fluer de lis*,
For never was it emblem of a truer royalty.
To-day its crested head above a private's grave may toss,
And yet no braver he who wore the helmet and the cross.

Aye, come with flying banners and with stately martial tread!
With muffled drums and music gather 'round the honored dead!
And thus, with bowed heads standing, while we watch the maidens come
And strew our humble offerings on every sacred tomb—
And while the fires of sorrow burn in many a tearless eye,
Or hearts less used to grief bow down in speechless agony—
Oh, will not then this earnest prayer arise to every tongue,
"God give to us such men as these whatever trials come."

The Union Dead.

BY W. W. HOLDEN.

A Nation saved weeps o'er the brave
Who, faithful to its life and laws,
'Mid march, and siege, and suffering, gave
Themselves unto its holy cause.

On rugged mount, in sylvan shade,
By murmuring stream and sounding deep,
'Neath soil their valor classic made,
The heroes of the Union sleep.

To future Time's remotest verge
Let votive offerings deck each grave,
And sacred eulogy and dirge
Lament them, bravest of the brave!

The flag still soars towards the sun:
The Union fears no traitor now:
Freedom for all at last is won,
And Glory crowns the Nation's brow.

Half-mast the flag!—the minute gun
Roll forth its heavy note of woe!
Their fame is safe,—the work is done
Of those who calmly sleep below.

War may again his havoc make,
New actors fill their allotted part,
Yet still these memories, fresh, shall wake
Their echoes in the Nation's heart.

Soldiers and Citizens.

If you look at history with reference to the relations of soldiers to citizenship, outside of this Government or Nation, the connection has always been difficult. The man who has largely been a soldier in Europe has always found difficulty in maintaining his relations as a citizen to the State. In becoming a soldier there, one separates himself from civil life, and relates himself to duties and obligations which are arduous, and which he is called upon to undertake and fulfill, oftimes from considerations which are essentially arbitrary. But in a Republic like ours, where the soldier is a citizen, where he holds in one hand the bullet and in the other the ballot, he never is decitizenized, never becomes denationalized. So we have brought forth for the world's consideration this most magnificent of problems, never before seen in all the range of civilization, of a million and a half of men, one month in arms, and the next month each at his own home and around his own fireside, resuming quietly the conditions and relations of citizen life.

I never was more interested than I was once, when I was going to Wayland from this village to take the cars, in meeting a man laying plank upon our plank-road, to be told that he had been four years in the army, was in a hundred battles, was never wounded except once by a splinter from the stock of his gun, came home after four years of absence from father, mother, brothers, and sisters, neighborhood friends, and relatives, arriving at eight o'clock in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon had hired out and gone to work. It struck me that such a thing was never seen in any other land than this. A man going through with such perils and deprivations of social life, to put off the knapsack, drop the musket, and throw away all the paraphernalia of the soldier, and fall into line as a good, honest and industrious citizen with the same ease that one drops from a standing position into an easy chair! Depend upon it, fellow-citizens, that such a condition as this is the result only of education in liberty. Where despotism or arbitrary Government molds and fashions men there is no such action.

This of itself shows, beyond all question, that our Republic cannot die. Should cause for war once more arise, and our Nation become once more imperiled, not only a million and a half, but six millions of men would leave home and hearth-stones and the comforts of life to rally to her defense. So magnificent are the truths of the Declaration of Independence, so grand the theory of self-government!

—*Dr. James C. Jackson, at Dansville, N. Y.*

Where are the Dead of To-day?

BY HON. H. P. H. BROMWELL.

Bells of the Sabbath are tolling,
Dirges in mournfulness rolling,
Over the breadth of a continent
Passes the funeral array.
Why are the voices of wailing?
Banners thus mournfully trailing?
Sound of the minute-gun booming?
Where are the dead of to-day?

Not on the bier of the lowly,
Not in plumed hearse moving slowly,
Scattered, and silent, and lonely,
Rest they, where long they have lain—
Under the fig-tree and myrtle,
Home of the love-breathing turtle,
Under the mountain oak's shadow,
Under the sod of the plain.

Fanned by the sea-lilies blooming,
Lulled by the cataract's booming,
Sleep they in sepulchers nameless,
Rest they in silence and shade,
Some where the marble-wrought column,
Rising in stateliness solemn,
Tells to the multitude passing,
Here has a hero been laid.

Some by the mart or metropolis
Ranged in the silent necropolis
Rest with the simply-cut head-stone,
Marking the green-swarded mound—
Each in his order and number,
Pulseless and dreamless they slumber,
Rank upon rank, as battalions
Stretched on the bivouac ground.

High, on the uplands of Tennessee
Low, in the vales of the Genesee,
Nigh the black marshes of Florida—
Where the swift Rapidan shines,
High on Virginia's sierras,
Far, on the green-vested prairies,
Under the sobbing sussurro
Sung by the evergreen pines.

Some from the wild beast and vulture
Rescued for nameless sepulture
Cast in one charnel-pit molder—
  Some on the battle-field gory
Rest without requiem or story—
Everywhere rest they in glory—
  They are our dead of to-day.

Who are they? heroes who merited,
Sons who by birthright inherited
All which is given of freedom,
  All which is manhood's to hold.
Heirs of illustrious sires—
Who with liberty walked through the fires
In the furnace made hot by oppression,
  In liberty's ordeals of old.

Sons of the watchers and toilers
Who wrung from the hands of the spoilers
The wrecks of humanity's treasures—
  Brothers of Hampden and Tell,
Brothers of those who are weeping
Now by the place of their sleeping—
Loved by the gentle and noble,
  Loved by the angels as well.

Here, while our anthem is pealing,
Raphael, O angel of healing,
Come, with Heaven's gracious consolings
  Warm on thy redolent breath—
Thou, too, benign one, who ever
Weepest the loving to sever,
Show us thy mildness and beauty,
  Azrael, O angel of death.

Then, with the waves of emotion,
Swelling from ocean to ocean,
On the sweet Sabbath air holy,
  Anthem and song we'll prolong;
Then as the voice of the heart rings,
Seraphs, accord with your harp-strings,
Led with the lute of thy heart-strings,
  Israefel, angel of song.

Now to the Name who e'er livest,
Blessing and thanks when Thou givest,
Worship and praise when Thou takest,
  Here for one country we pray;
Long may our banner victorious
Wave o'er a Union made glorious,
Honor and virtue and righteousness,
  Rule all the land from to-day.

Fall In.

BY KATE B. SHERWOOD.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers!
  The reveille is heard,
And bivouac and picket
  Are at the summons stirred:
Fall in, that you may answer
  The roll-call sounding clear,
And when the Sergeant calls your name
  Prepare to answer "*Here!*"

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  And rub your sleepy eyes;
The mists of time are heavy
  Around you as you rise;
The friendships on the musket sworn
  Grow rusty as its lock;
Fall in once more, touch elbows,
  As in the battle's shock.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  By whatever name you bear,—
If you've made the march through Georgia,
  If at Richmond you were there;
If on Lookout's lofty tablets
  You've writ your names in blood,
If you've stemmed the hosts at Franklin,
  Pouring onward like a flood.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,—
  You who recall the day
At Corinth on the battlefield—
  The dead around you lay,
When Rosecrans rode down the lines
  To Fuller's old brigade:
"*I take my hat off in the face*
  Of men like these," he said.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,—
  You who from Red House Bridge
Moved on to Chickamauga
  When Thomas held the ridge;
Moved on with gallant Steedman
  That day he broke away
Like a lion from his covert
  When he heard the battle bray.

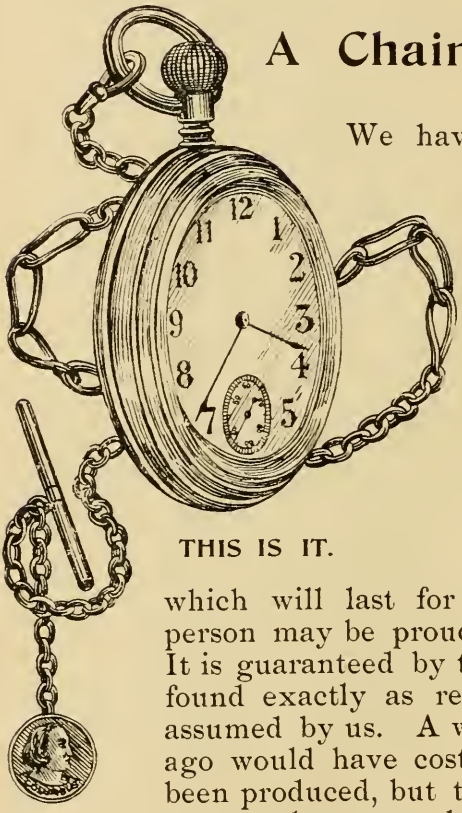
Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
  Perchance you followed well
At Kenesaw with Harker
  And caught him when he fell;
Perchance you joined the wild mad cry
  That through the army ran:
"*McPherson and revenge!*" then smote
  The foemen rear and van.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
  A glory crowns you still,
For marches under Sherman,
  For raids with "Little Phil."
Though you swore by Grant or Thomas,
  Or by Custer, early dead,
There are roses for each bosom,
  There are laurels for each head.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
  Each day the ranks grow small,
Each day a voice grows silent
  Heard at the last roll-call;
A comrade's voice makes answer
  Where was heard a manly shout:
"*Disabled in the service,*
  And awaits his muster-out!"

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
  A few more flying years,
And roses will be blooming
  Above your lowly biers;
The roses and the ivy
  And the lonely myrtle climb
Above the sleeping millions
  Plumed and knighted in their time.

GET A GOOD WATCH FREE.



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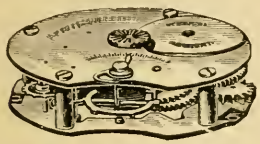

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